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Being a medium for the dissemination of a mutual interest among Students and Friends of the R.A.M. To be published each Term.

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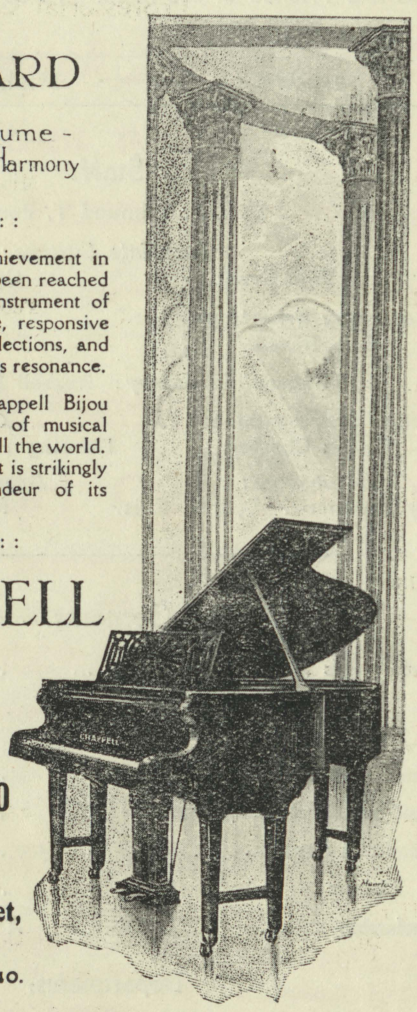


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# The Academite.

## Editorial.

IN our welcome to the new faces that abound in this, the beginning of another Academic year, we feel that we are incapable of doing a greater service than to reproduce an editorial from "The Overture" (a magazine of the R.A.M. published in 1893), which we are assured will benefit alike old and new students. Therefore, we make no apology for its length, neither shall we suffer it to be cut, such is to our mind the importance of the subject with which it deals.

### Teaching and Learning.

Those who have scanned the newspaper reports of the speeches made and papers read at the recent Conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians will not have failed to notice two important speeches, one delivered by Sir John Stainer and the other by Dr. Mackenzie, which, together, form a very weighty sermon or homily on the teaching question. Briefly put, the first of these addresses was a plea for a greater consideration of the emotional side of our art, an aspect which is apt to be neglected in the wearying routine of technical training. Dr. Mackenzie's paper formed an apt sequel to this, pleading for wider and more general culture on the part of all who hope to be musicians. There is nothing, of course, absolutely new in either of these topics; nothing indeed, which we have not preached again and again in these columns; but coming from such eminent men and being couched, it is unnecessary to say, in earnest and powerful terms, both addresses can hardly have failed to open people's eyes. No one wishes to assert that teachers, as a body, are wanting in skill or earnestness, or that pupils, as a body, are deficient in mental capacity and enthusiasm; but we are all apt to work steadily on until we unconsciously make a rut in the road, and it is easier to jog along in a rut than to seek varied paths. In still homelier phrase, we all need stirring up every now and then. Therefore none need be offended at a scolding bestowed upon all alike.

It is perfectly true, as Sir John Stainer asserts, that our pupils, even those whose ability and industry leaves nothing to be desired, always fail to attain the sublime heights of artistry because they are deficient in sensibility (a term which must not be confounded with *sense* or *sentiment*). It is in the English blood to conceal—nay, not only that, but to suppress, the emotions. We do not naturally possess

either more or less feeling than other races, but the chief aim of a polite education is to freeze up and annihilate all the passions, which are regarded as inconvenient and dangerous attributes to humanity. This they certainly are, but without them the highest art is not possible, and though you *may* be a Carrodus, a Lloyd, or a Borwick, you will never be a Sarasate, a De Reszké, or a Paderewski. So the first lesson you have to learn, young student, is that unless you are not ashamed to feel music as an absolute passion and intoxication, you will never achieve the very highest. Well, you will say, very few in the nature of things can; we will be content with the second class, the balcony seats in the Pantheon. But alas! too many of you forget that these seats can, metaphorically, only be got by fighting your way into them. You wait to be carried in by the crowd, or, what is worse, expect others to buy you tickets. To drop the metaphor, you want *to be taught* instead of striving *to learn*. Now hear your second great lesson: *Education proceeds mainly from within, not from without*, and although a clever teacher can always do better with a lumpish pupil than one less skilful, yet why be that lumpish pupil when you might be something better? One single fact discovered by yourself and referred to your teacher for verification and comment is of more value to you than a hundred precepts. If you are walking through a strange town or district you will best learn to know your way about if you try to find it and then seek confirmation or correction from a passer-by; but if you helplessly turn for guidance before you know whether you are looking north, south, east, or west, you may be put right for that particular journey, but you will not know any more geography than you did before. Now the people who thus strive to learn instead of asking to be taught are the people who have what is called *talent*, which means simply that their desire towards a given subject is of the nature of an ever-burning and never satisfied thirst. And what a terribly small class this is! It is all very well to talk about the true heaven-born teacher exciting the most flabby of pupils to enthusiasm, but the true fire does not need any blowing, and most of our music-students are like anthracite coal in that respect; by dint of infinite pains you can light them up, and they will maintain a steady glow without either brilliant flashes or dull smoke, but, after all, you can't compare their fire to that of good Wallsend.

Now comes in the point insisted upon by Dr. Mackenzie. This devouring thirst for information once existent in a person should be allowed to extend itself in more than one direction. The great (embryo) fiddle player can spare some of his time to read the poets and the dramatists, or at least to get a fair notion of their names and work in the world. The future Paderewski will certainly be none the worse for taking an interest in ancient history, be it only the history of his art. The singer—well, we must not expect much from this direction; but there really seems no reason why he, whose training takes such a moderate portion of time compared to the instrumentalist, should not be the best all-round cultured person of all. Yet

your singer is the first person to declare that he has "no time" and to seek a reduction of his studies. As a rule he (or she) goes through life colossally ignorant of his own art and every other, confining his energies to the noble art of getting on in the world—a very useful occupation of the mind, but one which hardly qualifies him for the proud name of "artist," which he is the most eager of all to assume. The consequence is that when you do happen to invite him to step upon the stage, where brains and general knowledge are indispensable, he is as helpless as a child. Of course you can *teach* him to act, but what a process that is!

Having again scolded the student to our heart's content, let us now have a word with the teachers. We live in high-pressure times, and our methods of education, generally speaking, are lamentably shallow and hasty. But the technique of instrumental performance is taught, by our high-class teachers, perhaps better and more thoroughly than any other subject, because a great deal of time is devoted to it. Lower down the scale, where the wretched teacher has twenty minutes once a week in which to assist a hapless struggler, and exhibit some tangible results every term, he has a task which we declare, after twelve years of experience, to be a fraud and a delusion on the part of all concerned. To this unhappy wretch it were useless to address the words of counsel which we lay before his more prosperouos brother. Do not give all the time to technical matters—to the art of piano playing or violin playing—but try to awaken your pupil's interest in musical subjects (of course the best of you do) of every description. So will you widen his mind and your own, preventing the latter from running in too narrow a groove, and your artistic sympathies, if you possess any, from becoming frozen by routine. But when all is said, the pupil's own will is by far the most important factor in musical or any other education, and don't you for one moment believe those who tell you differently.

---

## Springtime in France.

There is a little lonely wood in France,
  Where snowy blackthorn greets the gladsome Spring,
Where daffodils as merry maidens dance,
  And, crowned with softest green, the beech is king.

The freshly turned earth's delicious scent,
  The joyous lark's gay carol in the blue,
With Nature's noble harmony are blent,
  To praise the God who "maketh all things new."

MOLLY ROCHE.

## Music and our Elementary Schools.

IT may be of interest to "E.G." and others to know what is already being done in some of our Elementary Schools in the direction of educating the children to appreciate good music. In at least two large cities during the past ten or twelve years, great efforts have been made, and with very successful results, to provide boys and girls with frequent opportunities of hearing the best instrumental and vocal music.

In Liverpool, the older scholars are invited to attend what is called an "Art Study Recital." Each child is provided with a programme and copy of the words (when there is a vocalist). Before each item is rendered, a brief explanation of its most salient features is given by one of the artists. Naturally, the Recital Committee advise artists not to include anything too abstruse, but, apart from this proviso, no other limitation is placed upon the choice of the performers. British music has always been welcomed, and a typical programme which comes to my mind included:—(Piano) Holbrooke's "Three Blind Mice," Field's "Nocturne"; (Violin) Edward German's "Bolero," Mackenzie's "Benedictus"; (Vocal) Somerville's "Shepherd's Cradle Song," and Stanford's "Drake's Drum." The artists are usually well-known local professionals or really gifted amateurs, so the standard of performance is generally high.

Arising from this scheme, the promoters conceived the possibility of having an annual Music Festival in St. George's Hall, on which occasion the children would actually take part in the programme. About twenty pieces are prepared every year in nearly all the schools in the city. In each district a selection of the best voices is made, and ultimately, about 800 of the very best voices render the programme at the Festival.

Amongst others, the following have already been given:—Numerous Folk Songs, "An Old Romance" (Mendelssohn), "The Lamb" (Walford-Davies), "May Dew" (W. Sterndale Bennett), "A wet sheet and a flowing sea" and "My Captain" (C. H. Lloyd), "The Robin," "The Lily" (Colin Taylor), "Lullaby" (Brahms), "The Snow" (Elgar), "Lift thine eyes" (Mendelssohn), "Daffodils" (Ellingford), "Viking Song" and "Drake's Drum" (Coleridge-Taylor), as well as other pieces by Parry, Lloyd, Elgar, Walford-Davies and Dunhill.

The results have been most gratifying, and both musicians and critics have been astonished by the excellence of the performances given. "Catching the child of the new generation" is indeed the keynote of success, and the teachers of Liverpool, especially, deserve the thanks of all musicians in particular, for their pioneer work in this direction. May their example be emulated in all our schools until in the future we shall have a really educated musical public.

JAMES DALZIEL.

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## Matter.

All Students are invited to send in contributions for our next issue addressed to the Editor not later than the second week of the term. One side of the paper should be written on only; and, if typewritten, the greater will be our obligation. The Editor does not undertake to give any reason for the possible exclusion of matter sent in, the publication of which would be contrary to the policy of the Academite. Copies first in hand and available space are important factors. No anonymous contributions will be considered.

## The Wonderful Lover.

I am wooed every night by a wonderful lover—
Wooed in the tenderest fashion,
For the love of my love is not fire-breathing passion—
Cooler his lips than the ev'ning-dewed clover
In June,
When the daisy and buttercup, sorrel and meadowsweet
Breathe out their love to the moon.

As lightly his fingers stray over my tresses,
He whispers the while in my ear;
The tales that he tells me full gladly I hear,
For they all are of princes and fairy princesses,
Of old,
And of strange secret lands barred to mankind for ever
By portals of ebon and gold.

And then he will tell me (and yet, in his stories,
No words my dear love will employ)
Of other fair maidens his love who enjoy;
And so, he'll describe me their wonders and glories,
Yet still
My lover I love with affection unchanging,
And submit without words to his will.

Come to me, come to me, sweet my true lover—
The window is wide o'er my bed,
Weary, and burning with fever my head—
Breathe with cool fragrance my tired body over . . .
The trees
Whisper his coming—at last he is with me,
My wonderful lover—the Breeze.

CYNTHIA C. COX.

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## SOCIAL NOTES.

The series of Twelve Lectures mapped out for the present Academic Year, is of special interest, covering, as it does, the History of Music from the 4th and 5th centuries down to the present day composers. The Principal in the first four Lectures, given this term, has dealt with the Evolution of Music up to J. S. Bach. There has been a large attendance.

Among recently appointed professors at the R.A M., are Mr. Fraser Gange, Mr. Vivien Languish, and Mr. Lawrence Taylor.

Mr. Philip Quarry, the late Acting Secretary, is again in London, and has visited the Academy several times this term.

The following ex-students have been made Associates: the Misses Irene Bridgman, Peggy Cochrane, Marjorie Perkins, Adah Rogalsky and Mr. Arthur Sandford.

Miss Thelma Haworth has just recovered from a serious operation for appendicitis.

Mr. Arthur Sandford has been touring as accompanist with Mme. Stralia and Mr. Mark Hamburg, in the midland counties.

Mr. Bernard Symons has been appointed to the teaching staff of the Matthay School, and the Ipswich School of Music.

Two songs by Miss Dorothy Howell, with orchestral accompaniment, will be sung by Miss Phyllis Lett at Queen's Hall on December 2nd.

Miss Ethel Bilsland's pianoforte concerto is to be performed at the Queen's Hall Orchestral Concert.

Miss Constance Newell, who, after leaving the R.A.M., won a scholarship at the Tree Academy of Dramatic Art, has been understudying Miss Betty Fairfax in "The Eyes of Youth," both in London and on tour, and has played the part several times.

Miss Eleanor Street has gone to America with Mr. Percy Hutcheson's Company in "The Luck of the Navy."

Mr. Warwick Braithwaite has left the R.A.M. to join the O'Mara Opera Company as choral conductor.

The death, some few weeks ago, of Miss Marjorie Holloway, from heart failure following rheumatic fever, is deeply regretted by many past fellow students. She won the Sainton Scholarship in January, 1916, and studied at the Academy under Mr. Rowsby Woof until last July, when she was awarded the Hill Prize.

Recitals have been given recently by the following R.A.M. students and ex-students: the Misses Joyce Ansell, Isabel Gray, Phyllis Huxham, Kathleen Lévi, Lilias Mackinnon, Marjorie Perkins, and Messrs. Arthur Alexander, Giovanni Barbirolli, Bryden Monteith, and Egerton Tidmarsh.

The R.A.M. Club Branch B is still establishing new records in membership. There are at present about 250 members. However, as there are 690 students at the R.A.M. the Committee hope that many more will join the Club by the New Year.

Miss Doris Fordred is leaving for South Africa. She hopes to start a Dramatic School at Port Elizabeth.

Miss Florita Richards, who returned with her family in October to Santos, Brazil, has been much missed. She was an indefatigable worker in many branches of students' activities.

Miss Edith Abraham sailed for America on October 29th. She intends studying under Leopold Auer.

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## A New Theatre.

IT is common knowledge that the present conditions in the London theatres are so bad that they can hardly be worse. The quality of the plays given is invariably execrable, prices of admission are ruinously high, and even the seating accommodation in the theatres themselves, with only a few seats giving a good view of the stage, leaves much to be desired.

During the past four years any movement that has taken place in the theatre has been retrogressive, not progressive. With the dramatic literature of several countries at their disposal, managers have been content to produce vulgar farces, chaotic revues, and milk and water romances. The keynote of the present West End production, with one or two exceptions, is saccharine sentimentality or offensive vulgarity. Because these exhibitions of managerial bad taste happen to be profitable, these conditions will continue to exist, for the producers of plays are business men before they are artists, and they prefer to place a bad play that will be well patronised, rather than a good one whose ultimate success is doubtful.

Unfortunately, a very large section of the public is indiscriminating about theatrical performances, as it is about music, art and literature, and since it is this section that the managers try to please, the discriminting minority suffer accordingly.

These latter will welcome Mr. Norman MacDermott's proposal to build a new theatre to be run on uncommercial lines.

This latter will be known as the Everyman Theatre, and will be built on a site opposite Golders Green station. Mr. MacDermott who, besides being an expert of dramatic work in all its aspects, is a scenic designer, will be a director, with entire control of the artistic policy of the theatre.

The building itself, designed by him, will seat 700 people, and is so arranged, with no galleries and a steeply raked floor, that a perfect view of the stage will be possible from every seat. Its special features will include comfortable accommodation for both artists and audience, and simplicity and dignity of design. Mr. MacDermott has reduced economy in scenic design and production to a fine art, and proposes to introduce every kind of innovation in the way of lighting and stage decoration.

The reading committee will have the assistance of Galsworthy, Masefield, Archer and Cannan, and welcome will be given to new work of every kind. New plays will be performed, and dance and mimic dramas, song recitals, liturgical plays and music dramas produced.

The scheme has had much influential support from hundreds of people anxious to see better conditions in the theatre; many actors and actresses have expressed themselveswilling to give up their present conventional work in order to take part in the development of the theatre; successful players, though not of professional standing, will be included in the company, and a group of students who will be taught every branch of theatrical art, will be attached.

All workers in the theatre will be paid an adequate wage, but there will be no inflated salaries paid to "stars," the price of seats will be as low as possible, and any profits will go to an endowment fund, since there will be no dividends to pay out. The capital of the company is £30,000, divided into shares of £1 each; in place of dividends, the shareholders will have such privileges as it is possible to devise.

A small theatre will be built first, to seat about 300 people, in order that production may commence at once.

The news of this venture will be very welcome to students, who will see in it some outlet for their future activities, either as creative or executive artists. Therefore, it is to their interest that they should help this enterprise as much as possible, which they can do by taking shares themselves or inducing others to do so. The ultimate advantages from a successful materialisation of this scheme are obvious.

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# My Scholarship.

ONCE upon a time I had a scholarship.

Truth compels me to add that I did not hold it long, but that is immaterial. For have I not, during that brief period, enjoyed all the proud delight of being a Great One? of bearing an honoured name? of feeling a halo of merit around my brow? . . . .

It happened this way.

The day was warm, the hall was large, and I was several miles away from the Principal. After the excitement of the Dove Prize announcement had died down, I became—well, not *drowsy,* for that would have been discourteous, but shall we say, dreamy?—and listened rather vaguely to the distant voice without paying so much attention to that as to my own pleasant reverie of a delightful and impossible scene in which I myself was receiving the Dove Prize, amid tumultuous applause. The still small voice (did I say that the hall was about the size of Valhalla?) flowed gently on, mixing itself up with my dream. . . . "According to custom, I have to announce the names of the winners of any new scholarship or prize competed for for the first time. Of these, the E—— and A—— S—— Scholarship has been awarded to Miss X—Y—Z. . . ."

I started up as if I had been stung, for the Principal had uttered my name—I had been awarded a Scholarship, without competition, and it had been saved up as a surprise for the prize-giving.

Doubts arose at once.—What was it for? (How could I possibly get a schol.?) Why did I know nothing of it?—But these were easily expelled by the whispered congratulations that were flung at me from admiring students near. Nobody could answer my frantic inquiry—"But what's it *for*?"—but one had a vague notion that it was for singing. I am not a singer, dear reader, so we rejected that idea hastily, and my rather feeble protests—"They can't really mean me, it's a mistake"—were equally quickly brushed aside.

As for the rest of the speech, I hope I may be forgiven for owning that I never heard one word. Thoughts far too gloriously chaotic were whirling through my brain. This was better than impossible dreams, this was reality. I was to take a new lease of life at the R.A.M.—I was a Scholar. At last they had recognised my merit—I had not been unobserved, then; and now, after years of "patient toil" (how pathetic it all sounded), my efforts were rewarded. . . .

I began to discover enormous possibilities—amazing qualities—in myself that I had somehow overlooked before. More, I discovered achievements also. Those few compositions I had always considered as slight assumed tremendous importance—I was more of a pianist than I had imagined. Or was it the excellence of my teaching that had earned the smiles of the Gods?

For hours, it seemed, I sat in a warm rosy glow of my own perfections, until it was time to go down and receive medals. We rose—my head was high, though I tried to look modestly unconcerned. I felt a very giant among pygmies, for I was only to receive a bronze medal, but all knew now the greatness that was within me. I furtively sought their eyes for meaning glances, but they apparently were not interested. "They probably do not know me by sight," I argued as, intensely self-conscious, I bore my trophy back to my place.

I had not been able to seize a Prize List, but someone behind me had, and I snatched it from him, saying "I *must* see what it's for."

At the very bottom of the list it lurked: E—— and A—— S—— Scholarship—*Singing*—and the holder was Miss X—Y—somebody else.

Down came the castle—off flew the visions—my glories faded away, and I beheld myself a very ordinary student again, trying, with a sickly smile, to convince my friends that I knew all along that such a distinction could not possibly have been meant for me. And perhaps in my heart of hearts, I had known, but preferred to pretend otherwise to myself.

Yet, disappointing as the episode was, I do not regret it at all; for after all, it gave me some very rosy moments, and at any rate, I know what it *feels* like to get a scholarship—and unexpectedly at that—which, as there is not the remotest likelihood of my ever winning anything of that sort, is something, isn't it?

A. HUMBLE STUDENT.

---

## Queries?

The following are a few questions asked us by candidates qualifying for the degree of A.S.S. (Associates of the Sentimental Singers). We hope the students will benefit by our answers, and we wish them every success in their forthcoming trials.—Ed.

I. *Describe a "note?"*

A note may be of various values, and is tenable for any length of time according to the nature of the owner. (vide John Bradbury.)

II. *What effect has a dot after a note?*

We have always heard it makes the note tenable half as long again. Personally we have had *no* such good luck. (Also vide John Bradbury.)

III. *What is "bass?"*

We fancy this has something to do with "Bere-in-Botel." For geographical situation, ask Cap' Bruce Bairnsfather.

IV. *What is a "bar?"*

A place where Government beer is sold.

V. *What are "quavers?"*

Personally we always get these the morning after the night before. Possibly the effect of too much Government ale!

VI. *What is a crotchet?*

Merely another name for a "Phantaisie."

VII. *Describe a rest.*

The "finale" of Bill Sykes "Nocturne."

VIII. *What is a shake?*

A nervous jelly.

IX. *What is the meaning of "dim?"*

We fancy "dim" is used enough in music to please even Sir Percy Blakeney of "Scarlet Pimpernel" fame. But why use it at all, we would ask?

X. *Explain "string."*

We cannot find any meaning for this, unless it means that one is "tied up."

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XI. *What is the meaning of "secco?"*
Secco—a diminutive of seccotine. It means "stick to it." *Pitch* too, has the same meaning.

XII. *How does one perform a descending glissando?*
Try coming downstairs on a tea tray.

XIII. *What is the meaning of "loco?"*
This must refer to the tube strike.

XIV. *What is meant by "trillo?"*
I think this is the London milkman's cry.

XV. *What is a "passing note?"*
A bad 'un, we should say. Ask John Bradbury.

XVI. *Write a sentence in which Acoustics is fully explained.*
When a cow sticks in a bog, somebody has a warm five minutes.

XVII. *Explain "alt."*
This, I believe, was a common expression used by our drill sergeants during the war.

XVIII. *Give the meaning of D. C.*
Personally, we have always thought it "dashed cheek" that the initials of one's name were so frequently abused. This is the only explanation we are able to give.

XIX. *What is a chord?*
A piece of hemp, which when tied too tightly roung the neck causes one to "quaver," and stops one's "breve-ing."

XX. *What is meant by Dominant?*
Ask a hen-pecked husband.

XXI. *What is a scale?*
There's something fishy about this question.

XXII. *Define the word "Pause."*
Pause.—To be found in most quadrupeds. In the case of a cat, both "pause" and "clause" will be found.

XXIII. *What is a slur?*
Generally a blot on the landscape. See George Robey's eyebrows.

XXIV. *What is meant by Compound Time?*
This refers to a man serving several terms of imprisonment.

XXV. *What is meant by "time signatures?"*
Forging another man's cheque.

XXVI. *How does one perform an inverted turn?*
The easiest way I know is to tread on a banana peel.

XXVII. *Describe a Natural.*
Anyone who reads this rubbish.

XXVIII. *What is manuscript?*
We understand this is most inflammable stuff and frequently burnt.

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